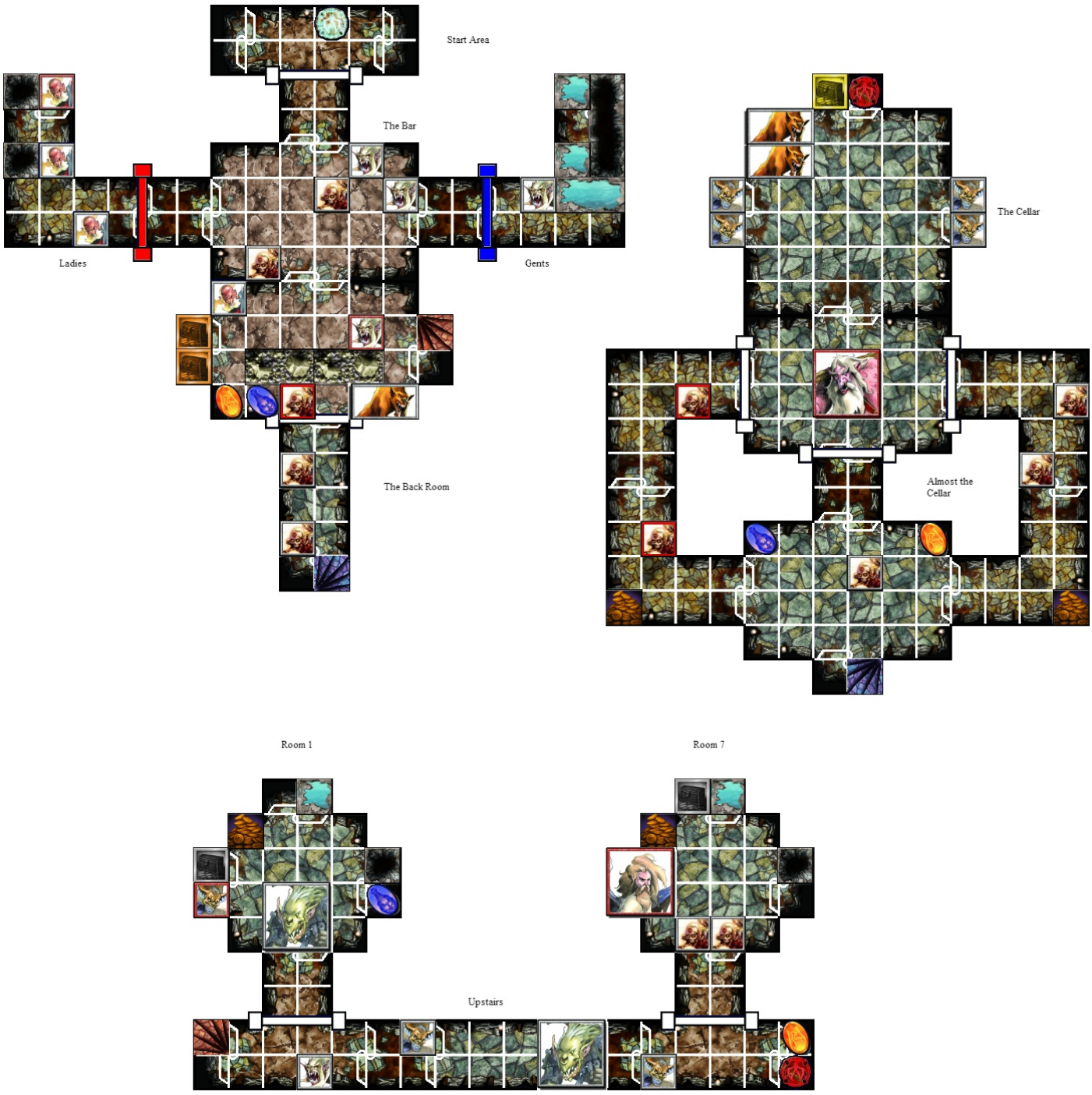

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A Hero Walks into an Inn...

By Duncan Peel

Scenario Background

After many adventures and much slaughter (frequently without pay, despite promises) you and your companions are gagging for a quiet pint or two.
Hours pass, the night wears on.
An apalling amount of weak, watered-down ale later you strike up an enthusiastic conversation with a drunken stranger. As he is not claiming to be a Duke/ King/ Mayor/ Priest/ Concerned Father/ Lawyer/ Man-on-a-mission you immediately find yourselves liking him and stand him a few thin beers.
"Ish no fair!" He moans after a while.
"Wossat then?" You query soberly, only briefly regretful at the loss of stimulating conversation which, you suspect, had been perhaps leading at last towards sexist jokes and politics.
"You nice gentsh are 'ere, and all wees drinkin' ish thish rubbish! I used ta run the fiiinest esthablishmenth thish shide uv Coventry, an now wot? Nuffink! Das wot! Nuffink!"
"What happened?" Asks one of the less smart of you, recieving a sharp poke in the ribs a tad too late.
"I had the beshtesht beers in the land. Da buxomesht wenches too, mind, but the reeal seller was da beer. Da gut-rottin'est gut-rot you ever did see! 'Til the day dem monsters took it all."
He rambles on, loudly mentioning the address of his old premises. You walk out. What do people think? That just because you're heroes you'll take on any old hare-brained scheme just for the glory of it?

Conveniently, at the other side of the beer-hall, an identical group of adventuring heroes overhear the tale.
"The best beer in the land!? Let's go!"

Mission Goals

Kill the monsters.
Take their beer.

Drink beer.

You start the adventure with five beer tokens (you know; the ones that came with the game... The little oval thingies with the dragon on 'em? That's the ones.), if you ever run out of beer you sober up and go home. If you can eat some salty nuts while you're casually annihilating your foes; All The Better!

The Bar

This seems to be a popular place. A pair of buxom skeletons serve beer (woohoo!) to a group of beastmen and a manly looking creature in a dress. To either side stand doors, one chalked with the word "GENTS", the other "LADIES". Past the bar hangs a curtain, badly in need of a wash.

All eyes turn to you. The room falls silent.

"A'right mateys! I'm Dave. What can I get for you?" Asks the skeleton behind the bar.

Before he can utter any more of his soul destroying, unholy incantation you launch yourselves into the fray...

"GENTS"

POISON!!!
Oh no, my bad... Sorry.

The acrid air stings your eyes, and, despite the gaping pit, the floor is liberally splashed with a liquid you quickly realise not to be beer. Years of adventuring experience has to be repressed before you realise that you can safely walk through the water without fear of aquatic beasties and such. If you really, really want to that is.

Realising that you are not Dave, the beastman drops a stick of chalk and looks cross. He attacks you for no good reason.

"LADIES"

Well, this is nice!

Sparkling clean fittings attractively reflect the polished ceramics and the air is filled with the comforting aroma of peach.

The figures before you utter a faintly surprised "Oooh!" and before you have time to ask why there are more 'ladies' than there are holes in the ground, they attack you...

The Back Room

A couple of bar staff are on a break enjoying a smoke and a chat. They look up and nod amicably as you enter.
After you cleverly offer to sneak a bonus into their pay packet at the end of the week, they agree to come back on duty so you can kill them guilt free.

Almost the Cellar

It's damp and smelly down here.
On the bright side, there's a few more random bar staff to kill and they appear to be pretending to work so it's all legit.

The Cellar

Before you towers a mighty giant. He doesn't look very smart, but that's a little presumptuous and stereotypical so you opt to take no chances. On his chest is a large tattoo identifying him as "Mom" but, on reflection, you decide that he probably isn't.

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There is also, tenuously, a litter of puppies and some bats. While they might just be here to add flavour and fill some otherwise empty space, they could equally be spies for the Cauliflower King or something. You never know.

Better just kill them all to be sure.

Extra Stuff:

Each master monster in the game has beer. It's mostly what makes them stronger. Any time the players kill a master monster (includng spawned master monsters) they earn 1 beer token.

When a character dies, the party loses beer equal to that character's conquest rating. Some is drunk mourning the fallen and the rest celebrating their unexpected return.

The party only recieves 1 beer token for activating glyphs. Feel free to make this 2 or 3 if you feel your players need it though, there's not many glyphs around after all.

Dave the Barkeep knows kung-fu. He does not make ranged attcks as per a normal master skeleton, instead, he makes a melee attack rolling 1 red, 1 green and 1 black dice. He does not have the piercing ability but retains his undying ability.

There are no rune keys for the loos. They are just painted a different colour to avoid incidents involving those monsters who can't read. Nothing to do with running out of normal doors whatsoever.

Before starting this 'adventure', remove all "Pit trap" and "Crushing block" cards from the overlord deck. They would just be silly.

The chests are filled as follows:

Copper 1: 50 gold, 1 beer, 1 copper treasure, 1 steak and kidney pie.
Copper 2: 100 gold, 2 beers, 4 bags of dry roasted peanuts.
Copper 3: 2 copper treasures, 1 curse, 1 steak and kidney pie.
Silver 1: 100 gold, 1 vitality potion, 2 beers.
Silver 2: 100 gold, 1 silver treasure.
Silver 3: 2 curses, 1 beer, 1 silver treasure.
Gold 1: 200 gold, 3 beers, 1 gold treasure.
Gold 2: 1 beer, 1 curse, 1 gold treasure, 1 copy of "Dairy Farmers Quarterly".

The game ends when any one of the following happens...
The heroes run out of beer, go home, and leave the inn in the hands of the monsters. (Overlord wins.)
All monsters are killed. This should not include spawned monsters for obvious reasons, so quit spawning when the heroes have killed everything from the original floor plan and let them kill whatever's left in peace. (Heroes win.)
If the Overlord wins read the first paragraph, if not, read the second.

You each stumble home feeling slightly embarrassed. You awake the following morning feeling awful and wishing it had all been a dream.
You lose.
On the bright side, monsters aren't that well known for spreading rumours, so your reputation should be safe.

You each stumble home feeling slightly embarrassed. You awake the following morning feeling awful and wishing it had all been a dream.
You win!
Months later, you pass by the same building again. Outside is displayed a gaudy "Under new Ownership" sign. Feeling curious, you enter. Gone are the monsters and sinister beasties. No more blood, guts or puddles. The whole place has really been done up all swanky. It's quite impressive. Disappointingly though, the drinks are watered down and the tunes are rubbish. You resolve to return later... With a few more weapons, perhaps.

Important: For a younger audience you may find it helpful, in the interests of common decency, to substitute the words and phrases on the left for those on the right:

"a quiet pint or two" "some soda pop"
"ale" "pop"
"drunken" "inexplicably peculiar"
"beers" see ale
"sexist jokes and politics" "cartoon turtles named after renaissance artists"
"buxom" "beautiful"
"wenches" "assistants"
"sober up" "lose your sugar high"
etc. etc.

Upstairs

Two numbered wooden doors lead from this area to places unknown. Your mind fills with images of flowing meadows, of paradises as yet unseen, of..-

You drag your attention back to the mission at hand and become aware of several beasties coming at you!

Room 1

You feel fleetingly disappointed to discover that the door opens to nothing more than the Inn's accommodation.
En-suite though, very fancy.
The ogre seems annoyed at your presence. You ask him how he managed to fit up the stairs. Unfortunately, this pushes him over the edge. Before you can explain that you were in no way commenting on his weight, just the size of the stairwell, he starts swinging!

Room 7

It takes a few moments to figure out why there is a room "7" when there don't appear to be enough rooms, but you get there. You're smart like that.
Inside is a manticore. Nasty things, better kill it quick. A couple of skeletons seem to have been delivering some kind of smoked salmon nibbles but now turn their attention to you.

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